

And durst not once peepe out.

*Sicin.* Come, what talke you of *Martius*.

*Brus.* Go see this Rumor whipt, it cannot be,  
The Volces dare breake with vs.

*Mene.* Cannot be?

We haue Record, that very well it can,  
And three examples of the like, hath bene  
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow  
Before you punish him, where he heard this,  
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,  
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sicin.* Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

*Brus.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going  
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming  
That turnes their Countenances.

*Sicin.* 'Tis this Slaue:

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,  
Nothing but his report.

*Mes.* Yes worthy Sir,  
The Slaues report is seconded, and more  
More fearfull is deliuer'd.

*Sicin.* What more fearefull?

*Mes.* It spoke freely out of many mouths,  
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*  
Ioy'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,  
And vov'es Reuenge as spacious, as betwene  
The yong'ft and oldest thing.

*Sicin.* This is most likely.

*Brus.* Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good *Martius* home againe.

*Sicin.* The very trick on't.

*Mene.* This is unlikely,  
He, and *Aufidius* can no more attone  
Then violent 'st Contrariety.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* You are sent for to the Senate:  
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,  
Associated with *Aufidius*, Rages  
Vpon our Territories, and haue already  
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke  
What lay before them.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* Oh you haue made good worke.

*Mene.* What newes? What newes?

*Com.* You haue help to ravish your owne daughters, &  
To melt the City Leades vpon your pates,  
To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.

*Mene.* What's the newes? What's the newes?

*Com.* Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and  
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an Augurs boare.

*Mene.* Pray now, your Newes:

You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,  
If *Martius* should be ioy'd with Volceans.

*Com.* If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other Deity then Nature,  
That shap'es man Better: and they follow him  
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,  
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,  
Or Butchers killing Flies.

*Mene.* You haue made good worke,  
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much  
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlick-eaters.

*Com.* Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.  
*Mene.* As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:

You haue made faire worke.

*Brus.* But is this true sir?

*Com.* I, and you'll looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions  
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists  
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,  
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?  
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

*Mene.* We are all vndone, vnlesse

The Noble man haue mercy.

*Com.* Who shall aske it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people  
Deferre such pity of him, as the Wolfe  
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they  
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even  
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

*Mes.* 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand  
That should consume it, I haue not the face  
To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,  
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

*Com.* You haue brought

A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer  
S'incapable of helpe.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Mene.* How? Was't we? We lou'd him,  
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,  
Gau'e way vnto your Clusters, who did hoo't  
Him out o'th' City.

*Com.* But I feare

They'l roare him in againe. *Tullius Aufidius*,  
The second name of men, obeyes his points  
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,  
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a Troope of Citizens.*

*Mene.* Heere come the Clusters.

And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they  
That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting  
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,  
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head  
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes  
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,  
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,  
If he could burne vs all into oue coale,  
We haue deseru'd it.

*Omnes.* Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.

*1 Cit.* For mine owne part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

*2 And so did I.*

*3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very ma-  
ny of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee  
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against  
our will.*

*Com.* Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

*Mene.* You haue made good worke  
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

*Com.* Oh I, what else?

*Sicin.* Go Masters get you home, be not dismayd,  
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue  
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,  
And shew no signe of Feare.

*1. Cit.*

*1 Cit.* The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's  
home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd  
him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

*Brus.* I do not like this Newes.

*Sicin.* Nor I.

*Brus.* Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth

Would buy this for a lye.

*Sicin.* Pray let's go.

*Exeunt Tribunes.*

*Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still flye to th' Roman?

*Lien.* I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but  
Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace fore meate,  
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,  
And you are darked in this action Sir,  
Euen by your owne.

*Auf.* I cannot helpe it now,

Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote  
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more prouder,  
Euen to my person, then I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature  
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lien.* Yet I wish Sir,

(I meane for your particular) you had not  
Ioy'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne  
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it folly.

*Auf.* I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can vrge against him, although it seemes  
And so he thinks, and is no lesse apparant

To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:  
And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcan State,

Fights Dragon-like, and does archeeue as soone  
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone

That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,  
When ere we come to our account.

*Lien.* Sir, I beseech you, thinke you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,

And the Nobility of Rome are his:

The Senators and Patricians loue him too:

The Tribunes are no Souldiers: and their people

Will be as rash in the repaile, as hasty  
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome

As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it  
By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was

A Noble seruant to them, but he could not  
Carry his Honors euen: whether 'twas Pride

Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints  
The happy man; whether defect of iudgement,

To faile in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,

Not to be other then one thing, not mouing now  
From th' Caske to th' Cullion: but commanding peace

Euen with the same austerity and garbe, as if  
As he controll'd the warre. But one of these

(As he hath spies of them all) not all,  
For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd, wot I

So hated, and so banish'd: but hee's a *Mene*: 'Tis  
To choake it in the vntreance: So our Vertue, and

Lie in th' interpretation of the time, and of  
And power vnto it selfe most commendable, that we  
Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire, and wot I

Textoll what it hath done, not in the least, as if  
One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile: and

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor 'st of all, then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,  
the two Tribunes, with others.*

*Mene.* No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said,  
Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him

In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:

But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him

A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee

The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd

To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

*Com.* He would not seeme to know me.

*Mene.* Do you heare?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus*

He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,

He was a kinde of Nothing, Tittlelesse,

Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire

Of burning Rome.

*Mene.* Why so: you haue made good worke:

A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,

To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

*Com.* I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon

When it was lesse expected. He replyed

It was a bare petition of a State

To one whom they had punish'd.

*Mene.* Very well, could he say lesse.

*Com.* I offered to awaken his regard

For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was

He could not stay to picke them, in a pile

Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly

For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt

And still to noie th' offence.

*Mene.* For one poore graine or two?

I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,

And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,

You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt

About the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

*Sicin.* Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde

In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not

Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you

Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue

More then the instant Armie we can make

Might stop our Countryman.

*Mene.* No: Ile not meddle.

*Sicin.* Pray you go to him.

*Mene.* What should I do?

*Brus.* Onely make triall what your Loue can do,

For Rome, towards *Martius*.

*Mene.* Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,

As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?

But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot

With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

*Sicin.* Yet your good will

Must haue that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

*Mene.* Ile vndertake't:

I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,

And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

cc

Hee